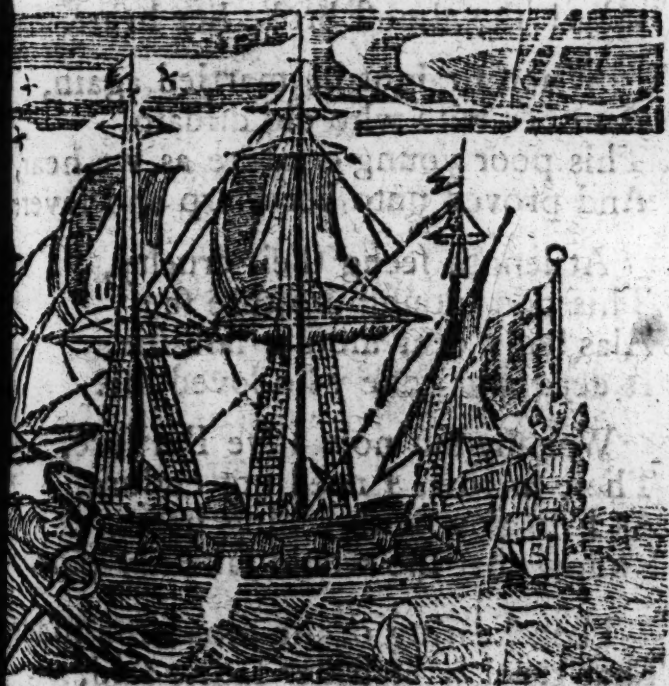


THE

## Bristol Tragedy;

OR

*The Cruel Father:*



( 2 )

The Bristol Tragedy, &c.

**I**N Bristol there lived one,  
Whose name I'll not make known,  
A great tallow chandler by his trade,  
Besides a rich man as 'tis said.

He had one child, a young daughter,  
But she poor heart had no mother,  
Having none to take her part,  
Alas! she almost broke her heart.

When straight he married again,  
Another wife who did disdain,  
This poor young creature as we hear,  
And proved unto her sharp and severe.

At length seeing their cruelty,  
This poor young creature she,  
Alas! my dear mother said she,  
Is dead and gone who loved me.

Was she but now alive I'm sure,  
These sorrows I need not endure,  
As I do now with aching heart,  
I know that she would take my part.

Then hearing of the moan she made,  
That cruel wretch her father said,  
Daughter you shall to London go,  
Which will be for your good I know.

I have a friend that's living there,  
 know for you he will take care,  
 so both she and her father they,  
 Did towards London ride straightway.

But when they came to London there,  
 This cruel wretch made it his care,  
 That is as I do understand,  
 To send this child to Newfoundland.

And in short time her father he,  
 With a sea captain did agree,  
 To carry this poor creature o'er,  
 The raging sea where billows roar.

Then homewards he return'd again,  
 Where we will leave him to remain,  
 Like a sad cruel wretch a while,  
 And shew what became of his child.

As this ship in the river lay,  
 Waiting when the wind would obey,  
 For them to sail it happen'd so,  
 This Captain's wife aboard did go.

And as they merry-making were,  
 She saw this damsel standing there,  
 Who in her sight wept bitterly,  
 Bemoaning her sad destiny.

Alas! I am but twelve years old,  
 My own father he hath me sold,  
 Altho' he hath no child but me,  
 Yet I'm sold a slave to be.

Alas ! a mother I have none,  
That is alive to hear my moan,  
Which now I make alas ! she cry'd,  
O that I'd with my mother dy'd.

Then hearing the moan she made,  
The captain's wife unto him said,  
Husband we have no child said she,  
Pray give this poor girl to me.

'Tis pity she should be a slave,  
Her my dear then you shall have,  
Then home she did this poor girl take,  
And of her very much did make.

That very voyage the captain he,  
And his whole crew perished at sea,  
And in the space of short three years,  
This captains wife died as we hear.

But just before her death, 'tis said,  
As she lay on her dying bed,  
Two hundred pounds she did her give,  
To help to keep her while she liv'd.

And in short time after that she,  
Did go into the country,  
And there did to service go,  
And lived with a farmer who,

In short time placed his love on she,  
And he at rest could never be,  
But as she found it was for love,  
His grief she then soon did remove.

And then to ease him of his care,  
 She and her master married were,  
 And he her person did adore.  
 And lived together for evermore.

Now since heaven did decree,  
 Such fortune for this creature she,  
 I'll leave her for a while and shall,  
 Shew what the father did befall.

One morning before it was day,  
 In a house where his tallow lay,  
 A dreadful fire happen'd there  
 By which her father ruin'd were.

As he lay sleeping in his bed,  
 The fire seiz'd him as 'tis said,  
 He lost the use of his right leg,  
 Thus at the last was forc'd to beg.

Long time he begged up and down,  
 For succour throughout every town,  
 And on a time it happened so,  
 He to his daughter's door did go.

And as he begged at the door,  
 Crying I pray relieve the poor,  
 And hearing of his moan she  
 Went to the door immediately.

Then he with hat in hand did crave,  
 Crying pray madam let me have  
 A lodging in your barn this night,  
 I hope the Lord will you requite.

Says she to him how came you lame,  
Whence come you and what's your name,  
With that to her he did impart,  
Those things that pierc'd her heart.

Says she, in that town I did dwell,  
And knew your daughter very well,  
What is become of her tell me,  
She's been dead some years said he.

Altho' she's dead yet for her sake,  
Into my house I will you take,  
You in a bed shall lie said she,  
So in they went immediately.

Then down she set him to the board,  
And the best the house could afford,  
Both drink and diet there was set  
Before him saying pray now eat.

Then having supped to bed they went,  
But he that night was innocent,  
That woman who nourished he,  
Had suffered for his cruelty.

But as she and her husband were,  
In bed, to him she did declare,  
Who this man was why then said he,  
If so he shall remain with me.

So next day in the morning gay,  
This man he rose to go away,  
Returning great thanks unto she,  
For the great kindness shew'd to he.

As he was going with a smile,  
Said she come tarry here a while,  
Something I have to let you know,  
Before that you from me do go.

Says she do not be troubled,  
You told me your daughter was dead,  
But I who talk to you am she,  
Your child you sold for slavery.

What are you my daughter said he,  
I'm your child whom you betrayed,  
And nevertheless will you adore,  
And you shall never beg no more.

Then with blushing cheeks he cry'd,  
I am not able to abide  
Under the roof where such as thee,  
My child doth live who nourish'd me.

When I was almost starved to death,  
And like a vagabond on the earth.  
Who had no settled home but I  
Was forced sometimes in barns to lie.

Seeing his tears she said don't grieve,  
I'll succour you while I do live,  
I hope God will me restore,  
To help my father who is poor.

Altho' your cruel stony heart,  
Has caused me to bleed and smart,  
Yet I do freely you forgive,  
And your wants will now relieve.

For in so doing I am sure,  
Will not diminish my great store,  
But rather cause it to increase,  
And will grant me heavenly blifs.

The fifth commandment I do know,  
Which commands children to shew,  
Duty to parents therefore I  
Will honour you until I die.

You children all both far and near,  
Who does this famous ditty hear,  
Though your parents you do slight,  
Yet honour them both day and night.

And if your fortune may prove so,  
That you grow high and they below,  
And be in want do you them feed,  
God will reward you for the deed.

### A P R A Y E R.

O God heavenly Father who by thy Son Jesus Christ hast promised to those that seek thy kingdom and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary to their bodily sustenance: Keep I beseech thee under the protection of thy good Providence, and learn me in whatsoever state, I am therewith to be content. Grant me grace to forsake all covetous desires and inordinate love of riches and so to pass through things temporal that I finally love not the things eternal; but that among all the sundry and manifold changes of the world my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found thro' Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

E. J. N. S.



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